

known that some sort of solution
is at hand & that
we shall have
than peace in
Havening cannot
be.

To Mrs. E. P. Nichol.

168
Boston Dec. 10th 1860

My dear friend,
The articles

which you requested me to
send (you will receive the
Standard containing it herewith,)
renew all the pain & sym-
pathy with which I wrote it.

I knew so little with the
exactitude that justifies writing
for publication, & I felt so much
that exultance which will
ever live in our memories
that I was in a measure
incapacitated for the moment du-

I am ever
your grateful &
affectionate
Wm. Chapman

of that announcement.
No such wounds as those
ever heal in a shorter
time than it takes to
renew the written tablet
of the brain, wounded by
the terrible inscription.

Right minded I resigned
as we may be sure is
the "only healer when
the heart hath bled." - I
I dare not hope for you
a short term of this keen
sense of bereavement, while

Experience of bereavement
is showing me how long it
is constantly felt. My dar-
ling friend of all these
many years, whom I
loved so immensely
& worshipped so tenderly, died
nearly a year ago, & the
sense of brokenness remains
the same as when she died.

The storm seems to
howl more fearfully than
ever; but it is a comfort to
have it raging where the world
can see & understand. Perhaps
we could not make our

cause comprehended. What
Slavery was as a political
institution, & how it ruin-
ed the Nation & destroyed
individual worth, while outraging
& embroiling millions, could
never be shown. Now the South
is showing, herself, what we
wished to have known - in vain
for so many years. It is like
the "debaclement of the Nevada"
in the fine companionship of
Victor-Hugo. All is obstruction
the night before - the ice
is gone & the river open
the next morning. I think
the solution of it must be
dissolution. The South is eve-

2y where threatening to
 flounder, to recede, & insisting
 on such enormous & impos-
sible concessions from the
 North as the price of her re-
 maining, that, supple as the
 North has hitherto been, she can-
not, it seems to me, stoop so
 much lower beneath the slave-
 holding lash. A meeting
 was called the other day, Dec.
 3^d, to discuss the means of
 abolishing Slavery, & it was
 mobbed by a few democrats,
 to wit, Southern partisans. The
 evening session was prote-
 because the Mayor found

Such to be the will of
the city generally. He
could have entirely prevented
the disgrace from happening,
had he been aware that
it is not now '55 but '60.
A dominant party, how-
ever feeble in its Anti-
Slavery sentiments, will
not submit to such outrages,
& it is the presence of
this that makes the South
seek to gather her forces for
Secession, with new energy.

This meeting was not called
by us, but when we saw

the attempt to put it
 down, it was to us, ^{for the moment} pretty
 much the same" as if it had
 been our own. Wendell rushed
 into the breach & saved it,
 & the meeting was efficiently
 protected by the police. We
 heard that Wendell was to be
 killed & his house torn down.
 But nothing of the sort was
 done. A crowd surrounded
 the building where we were,
 while he addressed the audience,
 but the police kept order in
 the house & we walked home
 amid a host of friends
 without molestation, unless

the boys that cheer ^{for} Wise
of Virginia were to be account-
ed such. The Mohocrats here
connected with South, threaten
that there shall never be
another Anti-Slavery meet-
ing in Boston. But the
strength that holds them to their
Southern tyrants may break at
any moment; & meanwhile
they are the small minority
now, as we were in 1835.

The next gathering, is our
Subscription - Anniversary,
soon to take place. - By
the latter part of next month
War & Weather will prevent
our English contributions from
being large: prohibition & Commer-
cial panic are at their height
here. Still we are in the best